

LED BY THE JOURNAL, A CHILD CRIPPLE IS REDEEMED BY WIZARD ATKINSON.

Under the treatment of the English bone-setter, little Esther Novak, suffering from a fractured ankle bone, smiles for the first time in six months. Parents deliriously happy.



Atkinson, the English Bone Setter, Treating Little Esther Novak.

John Atkinson, the English bone setter, signalled his return to the city yesterday by wonderful treatment of the fractured ankle of little Esther Novak, the daughter of Stephen Novak, of Newark. The child hurt her ankle six months ago while playing. Novak took her to a dozen doctors, some of whom treated the child for rheumatism, other advised the parents that Esther's ankle should be put in an iron supporter, as she was doomed to be lame for life. After a few moments' manipulation Atkinson announced that he could make little Esther well, and so far did he progress that he was able to twist the ankle—hitherto sore to the touch—in any way he desired. He expects to effect a complete cure.

A more deliriously happy man than Stephen Novak, of Newark, could not have been found in the States of New York and New Jersey last night; nor could a thorough search have revealed a more deliriously happy woman than Mrs. Stephen Novak. During the afternoon they had been assured by John Atkinson, the English bone-setter, that their little daughter Esther, who, they have been told by a dozen surgeons, could never walk or run or dance in her life, would be able in a few days to dance on her little misshapen left foot with as much ease as she now experiences in sustaining her weight on her sound and perfect right foot.

The child, who will be five years old on Christmas Day, six months ago she injured her left ankle. Had Novak taken the advice of alleged surgeons little Esther would be today tramping about the streets of Newark with her father and mother in a hideous iron contrivance—a "strengthening."

Stephen Novak is a laborer, and his wages, when he works, suffice to keep his family fairly comfortable. Little Esther is his first child. Up to six months ago she was a healthy, happy child, fond of romping, the pride of Stephen Novak and of his wife. Esther is a sweet little one, with blue eyes, a blue mouth and a blue nose that makes men long to pick her up and rub their rough hands against the soft skin of her face for the pleasure of hearing her heartily baby laugh. In her romps with her playmates Esther was a leader. It was as a leader in a wild chase over some piles of rubbish in Mercer street, New York, that she fractured the small bone in her left ankle.

Of course her father called in a doctor, and he set the ankle according to his knowledge of bone-setting. The doctor said, "Oh, she will be all right in a few days. Just keep her quiet, and she will come around all right." He said this more visits to the home of Stephen Novak, collected \$12 from him and went his way.

All Doctors Fail.
But the ankle did not get well. Mrs. Novak religiously followed the instructions of the doctor in the care of the injured member without favorable result. Instead of mending, it grew worse. The little ankle swelled to the size of a tomato can, and it took it to bring a scream of agony from the child. Her father called in another doctor.

This doctor examined the child's leg carefully, sat down to a table, wrote out three prescriptions and informed Novak and his wife that Esther was suffering from rheumatism. "Nothing but rheumatism," he asserted. "It's in her blood, you understand. Now, you give her this medicine right according to directions and she will be all right in two weeks."

In two weeks the swelling in Esther's ankle had extended to the knee, and Novak owed the doctor \$13. About this time he met a friend, who recommended a patent medicine, and Novak paid the doctor a bill and dosed Esther on medicine for a month, with the result that her entire foot and leg were swollen, black and blue. Then he took her to a third doctor, finally convinced that there was no virtue in the patent medicine.

This third doctor agreed with himself that the trouble with Esther was a diseased condition of the blood. He flooded her with blood medicines and stabbed her with needles, but she did not get better. Novak a bill of \$30, but failing to benefit the little martyr, Novak, in desperation, called upon a surgeon—said to be an able

man—who placed Esther's foot in a tight plaster cast and collected from the father the sum of \$25. He would be easy, he explained, because Novak was a workman, but the poor fellow had to put a charged mortgage on his household furniture. Just before Mrs. Novak's under instructions from the surgeon, put little Esther to bed and kept her there for two weeks, until her bones began to form on the little body. Somebody told Mrs. Novak of a great surgeon in New York, who would be sure to cure Esther, and she brought her child to this city, incurring an additional expense of \$10, an hour of agony for Esther, but no benefit.

"Must be a Cripple."
They tried physicians and surgeons after this, without avail. Little Esther sat at the window of her home and wept all day as she saw her playmates running about in the streets. She implored her mother to "go to the factory and get her a new foot." She begged her father to cut her foot off. When she tried to stand on her left foot she would pitch forward on her face, and the tender skin of her left cheek bears today the mark of contact with the floor of the kitchen.

About three weeks ago Mrs. Novak was advised to consult with a wise surgeon—a man who had cured many cases of this kind. She was referred to Professor Atkinson, who said that Esther must be of necessity a cripple for life. He advised Mrs. Novak to get for her an iron apparatus to fasten about her ankle, and he was accommodating enough to hand her the card of the company manufacturing the iron apparatus. The idea of a crippled child was repugnant to Stephen Novak, and he consulted another surgeon, who—when he learned of the advice which had been given by the gentleman with his white whiskers—decided that it was the best advice.

About this time Esther's father read in the Journal of John Atkinson, who had just arrived in this country. He learned that Professor Atkinson had come to Albany and would return to New York on September 20. He called on the representative of the Journal, who helped him do something for his child, he waited until yesterday and then made known his case. Accompanied by the Journal representative he appeared in the afternoon at the door of No. 18 West Thirty-third street, carrying in his arms little Esther. White with joy before Mrs. Novak knew it the child had submitted her swollen ankle to the gentle touch of the modern magician. As the large, soft fingers of the healer pressed for the first time the painful swollen ankle of the child she screamed with pain, and hid her white face in her father's bosom. The surgeon, but gentle, hands of the bone setter travelled swiftly around the slender limb.

"Ah!" he said, assuringly, "and so your name is Esther? Do you like sweets, Esther? There now, such a sweet child—be a good, little girl—we will have you all right shortly—don't cry, Stephen!" fumbling in his pocket and producing a handful of candy—"eat some of this, Esther. That's right!"—as the little one fondly conveyed a piece of the candy to her mouth—"eat it, dear. Poor little, Esther—the poor little girl—you're one of my children, Esther—it doesn't hurt now, does it? No. We'll have you playing with your little friends soon, shall we? Now, that's all right, little girl—and so your name is Esther—well, well!" And so on. All the time his hands were gliding about, across, up and down, twisting here, pulling there, probing everywhere,

while the little patient, from agony, went to wonderment. Her tearful eyes became round as she gazed at the big man who was handling her sore ankle, though it was a piece of wood. Her lashes were wet, but she smiled eventually as he twisted her knee, gently dug his fingers into the soft skin of the calf of her leg, and again started twisting the ankle. Before he had finished, the child, who had shrunk from his touch when first her ankle was exposed, was smiling as the wizard worked it any way that suited his purpose. "The small bone has been fractured," he said, "allowing the ankle joint to slip down, and there is some inflammation caused by irritation, which can be easily worked off. Bring her back to-morrow afternoon. In a few days she will be as strong as ever. Don't worry, Mrs. Novak. This is very simple. Good-bye, Esther. Come and see me to-morrow. You'll be at school soon, Esther."

"It is all a mistake to use chloroform for any other anesthetic in a case of this sort," he said after the departure of the Novaks. "Sweets have almost the same effect on a child. It is all in knowing how to handle them. The pain, when I first took hold of Esther's ankle was exquisite, but I could tell just where the injury was by the rebellion of the nerves. From experience I know just what to do. The trouble is that the bone has not been treated properly. Her case is very simple, and with her tender bones I shall make her ankle as good as it ever was."

Doctor after doctor had treated her, but all failed utterly to afford any relief. Then her father thought of seeking aid of the Journal. Despair of the parents suddenly turned to joy.

TORN UP STREETS GROW IN NUMBER.

No Relief in Sight from the Dilatory Commissioner.

EXCUSES ARE PLENTIFUL.

Comparison of Work of Private and Public Contractors in Madison and Fifth Avenues.

LIST OF USELESS HIGHWAYS

Foul Smells Issue from the Openings, Which May Breed Typhoid and Malarial Fevers in the Near Future.

An example has been set for the Commissioner of Public Works, who seems to have taken his time in the repairing of the streets which have been in such a torn up condition for months, by contractors who are laying the underground trolley tracks for the Madison avenue line. Compare the work in Fifth avenue with that being done in Fourth and Madison avenues. The first work is being done by city employees and the last by contractors, whose interest it is to get through the work as soon as possible. The work in Fifth avenue was begun about a year ago, and that in Fourth and Madison avenues just about a month ago.

In Fourth and Madison avenues, except in places where the trench has encountered gas pipes and water mains, the road from the Grand Central Station to Brooms street is finished practically; a part of it is covered and paved. North of Forty-fourth street, as far as Seventy-ninth street, the road is in charge of a city contractor, building a sewer, and north of that point to Ninety-second street all the iron is placed and the road is repaired practically. From Ninety-second to street another uncompleted section of the sewer stops the way of the railroad contractors. From Ninety-fifth street north to the Harlem River all in iron is in place and the roadway more than half repaved.

In every mile of this road there are 1,440 tons of metal, divided into 100,240 separate pieces. There are in each mile of the new construction 85,200 lineal feet of duct to be laid and 6,500 cubic yards of excavation to be made and replaced and 3,200 yards of concrete to be set and 11,000 square yards of paving to be done. This work is divided up between iron men, contractors, pavers, duct layers, cankers, plumbers and electricians, most of them working at the same time.

Streets Torn Up.
In Fifth avenue, from Washington square to Twenty-third street, the repaving has not been completed, by any means. Above Madison square the street is impassable. The street pavers are compelled to wait for the water mains to be laid, and the water mains are encountering all sorts of obstacles in the way of gas pipes and sewers that have to be repaired or relaid before the water mains can get an opening.

According to the Commissioner, he is pushing the work rapidly, but evidently there is a lack of system.

Fifth avenue is only one street in many that is torn up and impassable, and there seems little or no hope for trench-diggers New York. The principal streets turned over to workmen to be transformed into deep ditches and sand hills are but a prologue for what is to follow. In fact, as applications for the rearrangement of the thoroughfares come daily, the end seems further and further off, and the conditions grow worse and worse. There are now more city streets torn up and barred to the public than there were two months ago.

The following are a few of the principal streets in the hands of the contractors and workmen:

East Seventeenth street, from Lexington avenue to East River; repaving.
Fourth street, trolley; repaving.
East Forty-second street, from Park avenue to Madison avenue; trolley.
Fifth-ninth street, from Madison to Tenth avenue; trolley.
Broadway, from Sixty-fifth to Sixty-ninth street; repaving.
Long Acre square, from Forty-fifth to Forty-sixth street; repaving.
Madison avenue, from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth street; water.
Madison square, from Fourteenth to Seventeenth street; trolley.
Park avenue, from Eighty-ninth to Ninety-sixth street; repaving.
Park avenue, from Fifty-third to Sixty-eighth street; repaving.
Madison avenue, from Ninety-fifth to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street; trolley.
Madison avenue, from Ninety-second to Ninety-fifth street; trolley.
Madison avenue, from Seventy-fourth to Eighty-fifth street; sewer.
Madison avenue, from Fifty-third to Fifty-fifth street; sewer.
Madison avenue, from Forty-second to Fifty-fifth street; trolley and sewer.
Fifth avenue, from Sixty-fifth to Seventy-fifth street; water and sewer.
Fifth avenue, from Fifty-fifth to Fifty-ninth street; water and sewer.
Fifth avenue, from Twenty-eighth to Thirty-third street; water.
Fifth avenue, from Washington Arch to Twenty-third street; repaving.
Madison avenue, from Seventeenth to Twenty-third street; trolley.
Fourth avenue, from Sixth to Fourteenth street; trolley.
Bowery, from Grand to Sixth street; trolley.

Don't go round saying, "I would like to have," but advertise your wants in the Journal and have it.

But strange facts, time and circum-

stances have banded together to make deep suspicion, and suspicion has brought the young dentist before twelve of his peers, Judge Robert S. Hudspeeth and the stern inspection of the State's prosecuting counsel.

The case has brought to Jersey City famous Daniel T. Ames, one of the most famous of American experts on handwriting, across the continent from California, where he has been examining the pen craft in the Fair will case. To-day Mr. Ames will testify that the writer of the anonymous threat letters and the love letters is one and the same man.

"Unless my testimony is thrown out of court," said Mr. Ames yesterday, "I shall say that Dr. Albanesi is the author of the letters from the 'unknown' threatening to burn his house; that he is the author of the letter from the hidden friend to Miss Schaub, begging that she marry the dentist, I have strack through the disguise and think I can prove to the jury that the dentist wrote them, whether he burned his own house or not."

The house-burning letters are too profane for publication.

Great Interest in the Case.
The case has excited the intensest interest in the city across North River, and the court room was crowded at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The parties are well known—indeed, prominent in their communities. Dr. Albanesi is a prosperous dentist, who owns a half dozen houses. He is heavy of frame, sturdy-looking, with the hues of strength and health in his face. He does not look the criminal. He lives at No. 376 Central avenue. His wife, who was present yesterday, is a remarkably pretty brunette; her eyes are large and soft, her hair is like rich brown silk, her profile is almost of classic outline.

There sat in a witness chair by her handsome old father, Miss Lillian Beck, a young woman of rare features and figure, a most unwilling witness in the arson case. The State says that the dentist was once engaged to marry her. It was most difficult to tell whether the blushes on her cheek were the burning red of embarrassment or the roses of youth and healthfulness.

The police have a letter written by the dentist to her, and she, too, must be called before the eyes of the Bench and jury, the court officers and curious spectators; for this letter may prove a pivot in the evidence. The Becks live in New Durham, N. J. Mr. Andrew Beck is a wealthy proprietor of that village, and Miss Beck is a belle there.

The prosecution opened yesterday morning with a vast array of witnesses—police, the State's counsel, the prosecuting Attorney Charles H. Winfield and his assistant, Joseph N. Noonan, are handling the State's case, and Dr. Albanesi's counsel are ex-Judge W. T. Hoffman, Mr. Alexander Slujsman and Mr. John Dennin.

The jury was quickly drawn and sworn and the prosecution's case was ready before noon to outline the State's theory, wherein may be seen, whether his hypothesis is true or false, the unprecedented series of unexplained events.

"This case," said Mr. Winfield, "is entered upon for the fourth time. Having been twice postponed, it was the third time delayed because of the absence of an expert in penmanship (Mr. Ames), who was absent at the time in California."

Case of the State.
The State holds that this man set fire to the building which he occupied, at No. 276 Central avenue, and that it was partially destroyed on the night of January 3, 1896. We declare that the defendant was in a near-by saloon at the time the fire broke out, and that he was not in the building when it was destroyed. The State will try to prove that his motive in the commission of this crime was not only to gain the State's case, but to destroy an establishment which was too expensive to maintain. The defendant at the time was unmarried. We shall prove that he told one witness that if the old house were not there he would build flats and occupy a room in

WERE DR. ALBANESI'S THREAT LETTERS WRITTEN AND RECEIVED BY HIMSELF?



Principals in the Trial for Arson of Dr. Albanesi.

In This Interesting Jersey City Case, the Wealthy Dentist Is Accused of Arson, and a Tangled Love Story Helps to Make it a Puzzle to the Community.

The mysteriously tangled case of Dr. Otto Albanesi, dentist, makes him the subject of these interesting queries:

Did he once really love beautiful Lillian Beck? Did avarice finally conquer love? Did he write to himself anonymous letters during two years—letters which purport to come from an unknown foe—threatening to burn up his house? Did he, in pursuance of his plan, finally set fire to his home to get \$10,000 insurance?

Again, was the reason why he did not wed Miss Beck his fear that pretty little Schaub—who, in a moment of anger, had given his letters to the police—would again him to the penitentiary? Was this fear also his motive in sending Miss Schaub an anonymous letter, begging, in the name of an unknown friend, that she marry Dr. Albanesi?

Finally, was it to seal Miss Schaub's mouth that he married her within a month after the mysterious fire and within a few days of his arrest on an indictment by the Grand Jury of Hudson County, New Jersey? A formidable set of questions, truly.

The other side suggests a question, too. Is Dr. Albanesi a victim of the most cowardly of all enemies—an anonymous enemy; an enemy who seeks to wrest from him his liberty and his happiness?

"Before God," said Dr. Albanesi to a Journal reporter before the beginning of his trial in the Court of General Sessions, in Jersey City, yesterday, "I am innocent of the crimes charged against me." And showed the emotion of a man who was guilty.

But strange facts, time and circum-

stances have banded together to make deep suspicion, and suspicion has brought the young dentist before twelve of his peers, Judge Robert S. Hudspeeth and the stern inspection of the State's prosecuting counsel.

The case has brought to Jersey City famous Daniel T. Ames, one of the most famous of American experts on handwriting, across the continent from California, where he has been examining the pen craft in the Fair will case. To-day Mr. Ames will testify that the writer of the anonymous threat letters and the love letters is one and the same man.

"Unless my testimony is thrown out of court," said Mr. Ames yesterday, "I shall say that Dr. Albanesi is the author of the letters from the 'unknown' threatening to burn his house; that he is the author of the letter from the hidden friend to Miss Schaub, begging that she marry the dentist, I have strack through the disguise and think I can prove to the jury that the dentist wrote them, whether he burned his own house or not."

The house-burning letters are too profane for publication.

Great Interest in the Case.
The case has excited the intensest interest in the city across North River, and the court room was crowded at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The parties are well known—indeed, prominent in their communities. Dr. Albanesi is a prosperous dentist, who owns a half dozen houses. He is heavy of frame, sturdy-looking, with the hues of strength and health in his face. He does not look the criminal. He lives at No. 376 Central avenue. His wife, who was present yesterday, is a remarkably pretty brunette; her eyes are large and soft, her hair is like rich brown silk, her profile is almost of classic outline.

There sat in a witness chair by her handsome old father, Miss Lillian Beck, a young woman of rare features and figure, a most unwilling witness in the arson case. The State says that the dentist was once engaged to marry her. It was most difficult to tell whether the blushes on her cheek were the burning red of embarrassment or the roses of youth and healthfulness.

The police have a letter written by the dentist to her, and she, too, must be called before the eyes of the Bench and jury, the court officers and curious spectators; for this letter may prove a pivot in the evidence. The Becks live in New Durham, N. J. Mr. Andrew Beck is a wealthy proprietor of that village, and Miss Beck is a belle there.

The prosecution opened yesterday morning with a vast array of witnesses—police, the State's counsel, the prosecuting Attorney Charles H. Winfield and his assistant, Joseph N. Noonan, are handling the State's case, and Dr. Albanesi's counsel are ex-Judge W. T. Hoffman, Mr. Alexander Slujsman and Mr. John Dennin.

The jury was quickly drawn and sworn and the prosecution's case was ready before noon to outline the State's theory, wherein may be seen, whether his hypothesis is true or false, the unprecedented series of unexplained events.

"This case," said Mr. Winfield, "is entered upon for the fourth time. Having been twice postponed, it was the third time delayed because of the absence of an expert in penmanship (Mr. Ames), who was absent at the time in California."

Case of the State.
The State holds that this man set fire to the building which he occupied, at No. 276 Central avenue, and that it was partially destroyed on the night of January 3, 1896. We declare that the defendant was in a near-by saloon at the time the fire broke out, and that he was not in the building when it was destroyed. The State will try to prove that his motive in the commission of this crime was not only to gain the State's case, but to destroy an establishment which was too expensive to maintain. The defendant at the time was unmarried. We shall prove that he told one witness that if the old house were not there he would build flats and occupy a room in

them for an office. We shall prove that he sought to persuade Mrs. Lena Horne, whose property abutted his own, shortly before the fire, to take out some insurance. We will show that on the night of the fire he appeared, and when asked by a policeman why he did not ascend the steps and unlock the front door, he exclaimed: "It's too hot for me, it's all gone anyhow."

"Then," said Mr. Winfield, "there was an explosion, which was of such violence that it injured a fireman. This was a powder explosion. We shall show that there were bales of hay in the stable prior to the fire; that a trail of straw, saturated with kerosene, was found leading to the cellar; that gas jets in the house were discovered turned fully on; that fierce dogs, kept in the house, made no noise, as if no strangers were there. It is our purpose to prove that he delivered a set of false oaths to a patient the next day and received \$1 for them, and that they contained no evidences of having seen fire."

The prosecuting attorney also said that he would dwell upon the mysterious letters—letters seeming to come from an unknown enemy, letters which have been shown to the police, and whose contents bore threats of burning up the dentist's house. These letters, he said, had been written by the doctor himself, and prepared for the time when he should commit the crime, making ready for the time when he should exclaim, as said Mr. Winfield, he did when his house was aflame:

"They have done it this time!"

An Old Powder Can.
Mr. Winfield showed the jury a can which, he said, had held powder, and a part of a chandelier, which had been left, he said, turned fully on, so that the flames might have additional fuel.

The State occupied the better part of the day interrogating witnesses as to the details of an insurance policy for \$8,000 of the Germania Fire Insurance Company, which had been in force at the time of the fire for nine years. Adjuster H. L. Kreuder, of the insurance company, told of calculating Dr. Albanesi's loss at \$3,000.

The Jersey City police, including Chief Benjamin Murphy, Captain James McNulty, Roundsman Joseph J. Ames and several patrolmen testified. The sensation of the day was created by Captain McNulty's testimony.

"Dr. Albanesi," said the officer, "came to this house about 12:15, when it was burning. He said:

"It's a good one this time."

"Did he do anything to help put out the blaze?" asked the prosecution.

"Nothing," answered the officer.

"I arrested him in March, 1901, at his office and took him to the office of the Chief of Police. He asked who had had him indicted. The Chief replied, holding the doctor's letters in his hands, 'These have done it.' Those are my letters," exclaimed the officer. The Chief said, "Yes, all of them are yours, even this one from somebody threatening to burn your house down." Dr. Albanesi had frequently showed me letters written to him anonymously, and had asked me what to do about them."

Julius Berger testified that after the fire Dr. Albanesi had showed him a set of false teeth, saying that he considered it lucky he had found them.

"The doctor," said the witness, "had said that he found them dozing in a water after the fire, and asked me if I did not think they smelled smoky. He showed them under my nose."

"Did they smell smoky?" asked the State.

"I could not tell," said the witness, "since Dr. Albanesi was smoking at the time."

Court adjourned to meet to-day at 10 o'clock. Expert Ames will take the stand and give the salient testimony in the case. Dr. Albanesi's conviction hangs on whether the State can prove him to be the author of the letters written to himself. It is the opinion in Jersey City that unless this point is established, the State's case will fail. And on this point Mr. Ames says there is no possible doubt.

The law prescribes ten years for the offence of which Dr. Albanesi is charged.

Now a small want ad. In the fertile columns of the Journal and reap a large reward.

Fall Changes
How to Guard the Health in All Sorts of Weather.

Fall is a season of sudden changes and therefore of peculiar dangers to health. The moods are hot, but the nights are chilly. To-day it is damp and to-morrow cold. A debilitated system may soon be the victim of colds, fevers or pneumonia. Keep on the safe side by purifying your blood and toning up your system with

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure sick headaches. 25c.

Dr. H. C. Albanesi

When you get this letter you will in that I mean what I say. I want you 2 or 3 times to get away from here but you do not seem to

Dear Lillian

I suppose you will think me a night-folk town but dear I got mixed up I

Handwriting Put in Evidence Against Dr. Albanesi.

It is alleged by the prosecution that the defendant, charged with arson, wrote both letters of which these lines are extracts. The one addressed to himself threatens to burn his home. The other was written by the doctor to Lillian Beck, whom it is said he admired. Daniel T. Ames, handwriting expert, declares both letters were penned by the same hand.